A

COLLECTION

OF

Loyal SONGS, POEMS, &c.

Printed in the YEAR 1750.

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42
6. 27.
404.

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An ODE, compos'd in the Year 1720, on the BIRTH of a great PRINCE.

Tu modo naſcenti ——
Caſta fave Lucina. Virg. Eclog. 4.

WRAPT in one common Wiſh three Nations lay,
Liv'd on Deſire, and hop'd th' auſpicious Day:
At laſt kind Heav'n hath heard each loyal Pray'r,
And, with a royal Babe, has bleſt the royal Pair.
Juſt as the Sun had finiſh'd his Career,
And mounted freſh to gild the latian Year;
When *C*——*na*'s ſharper Throws begun,
To promiſe *B*——*n* a more glorious Sun;
A radiant Hoſt around th' Eternal ſtood,
An Hoſt ſolicitous for human Good:
To whom th' Almighty — "Seraphs, guard my Care!
Protect the Infant, and preſerve the Fair."
Th' adoring Seraphs bow'd ——
Then ſwift as fleeting Thought they wing their Way,
Thro' the vaſt Ocean of empyreal Day:

Down from th' immortal Verge of purple Light,
They waft on Æther with angelic Might.
Now in one glorious Point contracted fly,
(A radiant Orb) along the nether Sky.
Then all around the royal Couch they ſtand:
An Angel Guard! a bright celeſtial Band!
Britannia's lovely Nymphs (a royal Train)
Aſſiſt their Sov'reign, but aſſiſt in vain,
No mortal Aid, no Skill ſuffic'd on Earth,
Where Heav'n alone muſt guide th' auſpicious Birth.
The Father's Guardian haſtes (a ſhining Throne!)
To eaſe the Mother, and preſerve the Son.
Ambroſial Odours ſpread around the Fair,
And in a Moment bring *B*——*a*'s Heir.
Hail, royal Infant! hail! divinely Great!
Kind Heav'n's beſt Gift, and laſt Reſerve of Fate!
See, ſee *B*——*a*, what majeſtic Grace
Dwells on each Infant-feature of his Face!
Here all the *S*—*t* mercifully ſhines,
And *Sobieſki* fills the ſtronger Lines.
Great *Sobieſki*! ——
The trembling Muſe ſtarts at the awful Name,
And only wonders at the mighty Theme!
She thinks ſhe ſees the Hero from afar,
In glitt'ring Terrors, lead the ſhining War.
Juſt e'er *Vienna*'s Nymphs had fall'n a Prey
To Rage and Luſt, and barb'rous Cruelty;
Juſt as *Vienna*'s Nymphs, in Floods of Tears,
At once to Heav'n preferr'd their ardent Pray'rs,

Great

Great *Sobieſki* thunder'd on the Plain,
O'er Streams of Blood, and mangled Heaps of Slain.
Vienna ſaw the Hero as he ſtood
In Storms of Death, and floating Tides of Blood;
Vienna ſaw her Liberty reſtor'd,
And owes that Freedom to his conq'ring Sword.
Immortal Hero! may thy Glories be
Tranſmitted whole to thy Poſterity:
May thoſe fam'd Laurels *Sobieſki* won,
Deſcend all green to *Clementina*'s Son.
So it ſhall be —— the Muſe prophetic ſees;
Thus Heav'n hath doom'd, and thus kind Fate decrees.
Hail, royal Babe! but ſee the Martyr ſmiles
From Heav'n, on this vaſt Bleſſing of his Iſles.
See how he ſmiles auſpicious on the Boy,
And *Al--n* lies diſſolv'd in cloudy Joy.
Hail, royal *C----s!* kind Heav'n ſhall ſend the Day,
When Joy ſhall brighten, and our Clouds give Way.
It muſt be ſo ——

The BIRTH-DAY ODE.

I.

UNgrateful *B---ns* rouze for Shame,
And own the royal Race,
Who can alone reſtore your Fame,
And Sufferings all redreſs.

To

To royal **** and ****,
Your Vows and Homage pay,
That you may quickly ſee them reign,
And your bleſt Sons obey.

II.

Your Hopes, illuſtrious Princes, raiſe,
Who juſtly claim the Power;
Cœleſtial Joys ſhall bleſs your Days,
And crown each happy Hour;
Prophetic Hymen joins his Voice,
And gives a princely Son,
Whoſe rip'ned Age ſhall fill with Joys
His Father's widow'd T----e.

III.

Aloud I heard the Voice of Fame
Th' important News relate,
While Eccho caught the pleaſing Theme,
And did the Sound repeat;
Mute as ſhe ſpoke was ev'ry Wood,
The Zephyrs ceas'd to blow,
The Trees in ſilent Raptures ſtood,
And *Thames* forgot to flow.

IV.

For thus in early Bloom of Time,
Beneath a Reverend Oak,
In ſacred and inſpir'd Rhyme,
An ancient *Druid* ſpoke;

An Hero from fair *C*------*e*,
Long Ages hence ſhall ſpring,
And all the Gods their Pow'r ſhall join
To bleſs the future K--g.

V.

Venus ſhall give him all her Charms
To win and conquer Hearts;
Rough *Mars* ſhall train the Youth to Arms,
Minerva teach him Arts;
Great *Jove* ſhall all his Bolts employ,
Who taught the rebel Brood
To know the Ruler of the Sky,
And trembling own their God.

To his R. H. *C.* P. of *W.* R----- of the K------s of *G*---- *B*------, *F*-----, and *I*------.

En redit & Virgo, redeunt ſaturnia Regna.

HAIL, glorious Youth! the Wonder of our Age,
The future Object of th' Hiſtorian's Page!
Oh! beſt of Princes! beſt of Patriots! deign
A loyal Muſe to hail thy happy Reign.
Thou, born to right three injur'd N---n's Cauſe,
To ſtrip Oppreſſors of oppreſſive Laws.
Like Heav'n thou comeſt, with Mercy in thine Eyes,
And Tears drop down, when ev'n a Rebel dies.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin to ſing thy Praiſe?
Where fix a Period to her honeſt Lays?

Oh!

Oh! cou'd my Fancy with my Will agree,
I ſtill wou'd ſing, and ſtill wou'd ſing of Thee.
But vain the Efforts of an artleſs Man,
His Fire extinct, and ſhorten'd half his Span;
Another *Maro* ſhall ariſe, whoſe Pen
Shall place the Hero with immortal Men.
But ſtill, great God! allow me Time to breathe,
Whilſt to my Prince's Head I add one Wreath;
Whilſt I contribute an unheeded Mite,
'Tis all I can, and all for which I write.
Oh wond'rous Youth! What Angel ſteer'd thy Courſe?
What Pow'r protected? Where was thy Reſource?
Th' U——r's Fleets in Triumph cut the Waves,
The baſe U——r's mercenary Slaves,
Barb'rous and fierce, they range the wat'ry Plain,
Thy Self the Victim deſtin'd for their Gain.
Yet thou, undaunted, unmoleſted, rode
In a ſmall Shallop ——— 'twas the Cauſe of God;
That God who ſet to nought th' *Aſſyrian* Pride,
He guards thy Bark, and all their Schemes ſubſide.
But ſay, when landed on the wiſh'd-for Shore,
What Friends thou found'ſt, or what could Foes do more?
Friends, faithleſs ſome, and ſome by far too ſlow,
O'erwhelm'd thy princely Heart with gen'rous Woe;
While Foes had deſtin'd thy devoted Head,
Like *Charles* and *Mary*, on a Block to bleed.
Mean time, intrepid Youth, thou ſtood'ſt alone,
The cruel T——t urg'd his armies on;
But Truth and Juſtice were the beſt of Arms,
And, fearleſs Prince, thou ſmil'd'ſt at threaten'd Harms.

Thus

Thus glorious *Vaſa* work'd in *Swediſh* Mines,
Thus, helpleſs, ſaw his Enemies Deſigns:
'Till, rouz'd, his hardy *Highlanders* aroſe,
And pour'd Deſtruction on their *foreign* Foes.
Thus ſoon, great Sir, thy honeſt Cauſe procur'd
A loyal Race, ne'er ſwore, and ne'er abjur'd;
A Set of Men, the Terror, and the Dread
Of the deteſted ***** Breed;
A Set of Men, whoſe Worth was ſcarcely known,
A Set of Men th' *** did diſown;
Diſown indeed, reſerv'd for ſome great Blow,
Some Hangman's Work, *like loyal good Glencoe.*
Theſe are the few, the heav'nly Pow'rs reſerve,
From future Slav'ry *Scotia* to preſerve.
To theſe, the ever-glorious Taſk belongs,
To vindicate their King's and Country's Wrongs;
Theſe are the choſen Band, the Fates decree
To bleſs three Realms again with Liberty.
Proceed, great Warriors! worthy Men! proceed,
And lateſt Ages ſhall with Wonder read,
How honeſt, loyal *Highlanders* alone
Reſtor'd the Injur'd to his long-loſt Crown,
Recall'd great , and fix'd him on the Throne.

What Praiſe, O *Cameron*, can the Muſe aſcribe
To thee, from Cenſure free, as ſtill from Bribe?
Unſtain'd, unſully'd, in theſe vicious Days,
The Theme reſerv'd for future Poets Lays.
The Sun ſhall fade, the Stars ſhall loſe their Light,
But *Cameron*'s Fame ſhall never ſuffer Night.

Bright as thyſelf it ever ſhall appear,
To all good Men, to God, and Angels dear.
Thou wer't the firſt who lent thy friendly Aid,
Of no ***'s bloody Laws afraid;
Thou wer't the firſt; and thy Example drew,
The honeſt, loyal, honourable few.
Few, few indeed, but mighty Hearts they had,
Thou, Prince, their Leader, who could be afraid?
So fair a Copy all muſt imitate,
And join to haſten the proud T---'s Fate.
O'er the bleak Mountains, ſee! the Sons of Fame
Fearleſs advance, and catch the glorious Flame;
They ſaw their Prince, they lov'd, and they admir'd,
For Glory burn'd, with Loyalty were fir'd.
Ah! Virtue, little known, ſcarce underſtood,
But where the Veins beat high with *Scottiſh* Blood!
Yet ſoon ſhall ſpread, it's Vigour ſoon return,
Each *Briton* ſhall his former Coolneſs mourn,
And ev'ry Heart with equal Ardour burn.
Hail, glorious Youth! unanimous they cry'd,
Nought e'er ſhall daunt us, or our Hearts divide.
Our honeſt Father's loyal Blood we ſhare,
Thou art our Prince, thou art the righteous Heir.
See, ſee that Face, where all the *S*--- ſhines,
'Tis bright Divinity in fairer Lines;
See mild good Nature, join'd with noble Grace,
Is't not the *S*---'s and *Sobieſki*'s Race?
Glorious Connection! *Here the Warrior glows,*
There, like his great Forefathers, Mercy flows:

Mercy,

Mercy, ill-tim'd, ill-plac'd, their only Crime,
To truſt too much, and truſt it out of Time.
Thou, glorious P——, how great was thy Reply!
I come to conquer, or I come to die;
And great the Conqueſt, if I conquer Hearts,
No Joy like that, the Field of Death imparts.
Let proud ***s rule by penal Laws,
Your P—— from no ſuch Right his Title draws.
I come, my *B——ns*, Wrongs to vindicate,
Reſtore her Laws, and ſave the ſinking State:
My Life, while Life remains, for her employ,
And die with Pleaſure, if for her I die.
Think not I'll puniſh ev'ry trait'rous Deed,
My Arms are open, for my Sons I bleed.
See here my Father's royal Word,——and ſee
My Actions ſtill ſhall with his Will agree."
The gracious Declaration iſſu'd forth,
Reſound glad Ecchoes thro' the ſpacious *North*.
Repenting Subjects, weeping, own their Crimes,
Curſe the U——, and degen'rate Times.
With noble Ardour, ruſh into the Field,
For, to ſuch manly Goodneſs, all muſt yield.
Glengary, *Keppock*, *Appin*, gen'rous Chiefs,
Who long have ſhar'd their widow'd Country's Griefs!
Who, thirty Years, her latent Cauſe have mourn'd,
Now joy to ſee their antient Race return'd;
Zealous they haſte to meet the royal Youth,
The Friend to Juſtice, and the Friend to Truth.
Nor good *Glenbucket*, loyal thro' thy Life,
Wer't thou untimely in the glorious Strife;

Thy Chief degenerate, thou his Terror ſtood,
To vindicate the loyal *Gordon*'s Blood.
The loyal *Gordons* own the generous Call,
With *C*----- and Thee reſolv'd to live or fall.
See *Athol*'s Duke in Exile ever true,
His faithful Toils for thee, his Prince, renew.
By T---t firſt, then by a Brother ſpurn'd,
Still, ſtill, with Loyalty his Boſom burn'd:
One of the choſen never-dying Train,
His P----- convey'd thro' Dangers of the Main.
See how hereditary Right prevails!
And ſee *Aſtræa* lift the wayward Scales:
Th' uſurping Brother, to th' flies,
While his Return re-ecchoes to the Skies.
Quick 'mong his Vaſſals ſpreads the welcome Fame,
Who late diſdain'd, now glory in that Name,
Flock to his Standard, and their Chief proclaim.
* His Brother, worthy of the Name he bears,
(The *Murrays*' Name, well known in *Scottiſh* Wars)
In Council wiſe, intrepid in the Field,
His Prince's Thunder, born with Grace to wield;
To hurl Deſtruction on reſiſting Foes,
And give *B*------- long-deſir'd Repoſe.
The *Murrays*' glowing with a gen'rous Flame,
Still of the juſteſt Praiſe have been the Theme;
But theſe I paſs, their Virtues ſpeak their Praiſe,
Nor ſhall be loſt by inexpreſſive Lays.§

* L. *G. M.*

§ It muſt be remember'd, that this was written before a certain infamous S——y had ſhewn himſelf to the World in the Light he is now ſeen in; otherwiſe, no doubt, the Author at the ſame Time that he did Juſtice to the noble Family, of which that Man ſo unworthily bears the Name, would

But why, O *Perth*, why ſhou'd I ſilent be,
Nor tell the World the Worth that lives in Thee?
Thy hoſpitable Doors were ever wide,
Ev'n to the Foes by whom thou wer't betray'd.
But Heav'n, thy Guardian, ſtop'd the threaten'd Ill,
And *Perth* preſerv'd, and will preſerve him ſtill.

Belov'd by all, ſee *Ogilvie* appears,
A Man in Courage, tho' a Youth in Years.
Thy Acts ſucceeding Ages, pleas'd, ſhall read,
And future *Airlyes* imitate each Deed.

Thee, *Nairn* and *Gaſk*, with Rapture cou'd I ſing,
Still true to God, your Country, and your King:
Loyal and juſt, ſincere as honeſt Truth,
The ſame in Manhood, as in early Youth.

But while the Sun the blew Horizon gilds,
Each minor Witneſs to his Brightneſs yields,
Strowan, great Chief, whom both *Minerva*'s Crown,
Illuſtrious Bard, thou Suff'rer of Renown;
Long dimm'd, like Rays, ſhot from a clouded Star,
In Verſe *Apollo*, and a *Mars* in War.

Menzies, reſerv'd to add a nobler Grace,
To an illuſtrious, but forgotten Race:
A Race, that added to the *Brucian* Fame,
And riſes now with no leſs loyal Flame.

Th' immortal *Grahams*, but ah! without a Head,
Yet always ſhew that Loyalty's their Creed.

Theſe,

would have been equally candid in repreſenting him in the Colours he deſerves. But it is not the Villainy of one Man which is capable of bringing any Diſgrace on a Family which has produc'd ſo many worthy Patriots as that we are ſpeaking of.

Theſe, mighty Prince, were Men, by Heav'ns Decree,
Reſerv'd to catch new Hopes and Life from thee:
Reſerv'd with thee to pull U----rs down,
To right thy Country, and to right thy C---.
From *Perth* the gallant Band with Courage ſprings,
Bent for *Edina*, ancient Seat of Kings.
Nor dreary Waſtes, nor Froſts, their Ardour quell,
Nor ev'n in Heart the meaneſt Men rebel.
Welcome they come to ſave a ruin'd Town,
By penal Laws and Bigotry preſs'd down.
Happy *Edina!* now loud Pæans ſing,
Once more thou ſhalt embrace thy native K—.
See! Fortune ſmiles, and on thee ſtill ſhall ſmile,
And thou art bleſs'd while Ocean laves our Iſle:
Behold his little Troop, thy *Ch*---- heads,
And (for they're brave) to certain Conqueſt leads.
His Soldiers, he with Clemency reſtrains,
For Blood and Robb'ry are no S---- Stains.
Now to the *Eaſt* a pow'rful Army lands,
And barb'rous ——*pe* the ſcarlet Hoſt commands;
Furious he comes, with Words blaſphemous fraught,
Blood, Death, and Torture, in each coward Thought:
While *C*----- advances calmly o'er the Plain,
In God his Truſt, nor is his Truſt in vain.
Oh! who can paint the Glories of the Place?
Where Prince thou ſhon'ſt with more than mortal Grace,
Each heav'nly Virtue glowing in thy Face.
Thy Troops, with honeſt Emulation, ſtrove,
Who beſt ſhou'd fight, and beſt deſerve thy Love.

The

The Tubes which thunder'd horrid from afar,
But urg'd their Ardour to th' impending War;
Thou giv'ſt the Sign —— impetuous they ruſh on,
Already, in their Thoughts, the Day their own:
Nor long the Strife, for ſoon the crimſon Sword
Shew'd God with us; and thou, next him, our Lord.
The daſtard Foe, their Safety ſeek by Flight,
Nor longer dare to urge th' unequal Fight.
Be ſtill remember'd that auſpicious Day!
In ſlaughter'd Heaps the mangled Bodies lay;
While C----- with gen'rous Tears their Fate bemoans,
Nor checks a Sigh, tho' 'tis a Rebel groans.
Oh, glorious Youth! O Character divine!
With what immortal Honour ſhalt thou ſhine!
"Theſe are my Children; ſpare ye Sons of War,
"Tho' diſobedient, yet my Children ſpare."——
But ſtop, my Muſe; be conſcious of thy Flight,
Nor dare attempt beyond a mortal Height.
Retire with Wonder and ſubmiſſive Awe,
A *Virgil* only can a *Cæſar* draw.

A Birth-Day ODE.

Hic Dies Anno redeunte feſtus.

I.

AWHILE forget the Scenes of Woe,
Forbid awhile the Tears to flow,
The pitying Sighs to riſe;
Turn from the Axe the Thoughts away,
'Tis —— that bids us crown the Day,
And end the Night in Joys.

II.

So when black Clouds, and beating Rain,
With Storms the Face of Nature ſtain,
And all in Gloom appears;
If *Phœbus* deign a ſhort-liv'd Smile,
The Face of Nature charms awhile,
Awhile the Proſpect chears.

III.

Come then, and while we largely pour
Libations to the genial Hour
That gave our Hero Birth;
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine
To ſing a Theme, like them, divine,
To ſing our Hero's Worth.

IV.

How, in his tender infant Years,
The helping Hand of Heaven appears,
To watch it's choſen Care;
Eſtrang'd to every Foe to Truth,
Virtuous Affliction form'd his Youth,
Inſtructive, tho' ſevere.

V.

No ſinful Court it's Poiſon lent,
With early Bane his Mind to taint,
And blaſt his young Renown;
His Father's Virtues fir'd his Heart,
His Father's Suff'rings Truths impart,
That fit him for a Crown.

VI.

How at an Age when Pleaſure's Charms
Allure the Stripling to her Arms,
He plann'd the great Deſign,
T'aſſert his injur'd Father's Cauſe,
Reſtore his ſuff'ring Country's Laws,
And prove his Right divine.

VII.

How, when on *Scotia*'s Beach he ſtood,
The wond'ring Throng around him croud
To bend th' obedient Knee;
Then thinking on their Country chain'd,
They wept ſuch Worth ſo long detain'd
By Heav'n's ſevere Decree.

VIII.

Where ere he moves, in ſweet Amaze
All Ranks with Tranſport on him gaze,
Ev'n Grief forgets to pine;
The wiſeſt Sage, the chaſteſt Fair,
Applaud his Senſe, and praiſe his Air,
Alike in both divine.

IX.

How great in all the Soldier's Art,
With Judgment calm, and Fire of Heart,
He bad the Battle glow;
Yet greater on the conqu'ring Plain,
He felt each wounded Captive's Pain,
More like a Friend than Foe.

X.

By Good unmov'd, in Ills reſign'd,
No Change of Fortune chang'd his Mind,
Tenacious of his Aim;
In vain the Gales propitious blew,
Darts of Affliction vainly flew,
His Mind was ſtill the ſame.

XI.

Check'd in his Glory's full Career,
He felt no weak deſponding Fear,
Amidſt Diſtreſſes great;
By ev'ry Want and Danger preſt,
No Care perplex'd his manly Breaſt,
But for his Country's Fate.

XII.

For, oh! the Woes by *Britain* felt,
Had not atton'd for *Britain*'s Guilt,
(So will'd offended Heaven)
That yet awhile th' uſurping Hand,
With Iron Rod ſhould rule the Land,
The Rod for Vengeance given.

XIII.

But in it's Vengeance Heav'n is juſt,
And ſoon *Britannia* from the Duſt
Shall rear her Head again;
Soon ſhall give Way th' u------ Chain,
And Peace and Plenty ſoon proclaim
Once more a —— Reign.

XIV.

What Joys for happy *Britain* wait,
When —— ſhall rule the *Britiſh* State,
Her ſullied Fame reſtore;
When in full Tides of Tranſport toſt,
Ev'n Memory of her Wrongs is loſt,
Nor G—— is thought of more.

XV.

The Nations round, with wond'ring Eyes,
Shall ſee *Britannia* awful riſe,
As oft ſhe did of Yore;
And when ſhe holds the ballanc'd Scale,
Oppreſſion ſhall no more prevail,
But fly her happy Shore.

XVI.

Corruption, Vice on ev'ry Hand,
No more ſhall lord it o'er the Land,
With their Protectors fled;
Old *Engliſh* Virtues in their Place,
With all their hoſpitable Race,
Shall rear their decent Head.

XVII.

In peaceful Shades the happy Swain,
With open Heart, and honeſt Strain,
Shall ſing his long-wiſh'd Lord;
Nor find a Tale ſo fit to move
His liſt'ning Fair one's Heart to Love,
As that of —— reſtor'd.

XVIII.

Let then the glorious Proſpect charm,
And ev'ry gallant Boſom warm;
Forbear all Tears and Sighs;
Turn from the Axe the Thought away,
'Tis ——— that bids us crown the Day,
And end the Night in Joys.

HE COMES.

I.

HE comes, He comes, the Hero comes,
Sound, ſound your Trumpets, beat, beat your Drums;
From Port to Port let Cannons roar,
He's welcome to the *Britiſh* Shore;
Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, Welcome,
Welcome to the *Britiſh* Shore.

II.

Prepare, prepare, your Songs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing Air;
From Pole to Pole his Fame reſound,
Let Virtue be with Glory crown'd,
Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,
Virtue be with Glory crown'd.

III.

III.

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms repair,
Brave, bravely now, your Wrongs declare;
See Godlike *C*-----'s Boſom glow
At *Albion*'s Fate and bleeding Woe;
Albion, *Albion*, *Albion*, *Albion*,
Albion's Fate and bleeding Woe.

IV.

Away, away, fly, haſte away,
Cruſh, cruſh the vile *U*-----'s Sway;
Your lawful K--- at length reſtore,
And *Britons* ſhall be Slaves no more;
Britons, *Britons*, *Britons*, *Britons*,
Britons ſhall be Slaves no more.

The KING's HEALTH.

NOW, now the King's Health,
Let the Trumpets ſound, and the Glaſs go round,
Huza, huza, huza,
To the downfall of Uſurpation,
For I long to ſee the Day:
Confuſion to him that would ſet it up again,
Confuſion to him that would ſet it up again,
Confuſion to him that would ſet it up again,
Huza, huza, huza, huza, huza, huza.

The CLANS.

Tune, *the* Campbels *are coming*.

I.

HERE's a Health to all brave *Engliſh* Lads,
Both Lords and Squires of high Renown,
That will put to their helping Hand,
To pull the vile U------ down.
For our brave *Scots* are all on foot,
Proclaiming loud, where e'er they go,
With Sound of Trumpet, Pipe and Drum,
The Clans are coming, oho, oho.

II.

To ſet our King upon the Throne,
Nor Church nor State to overthrow,
As wicked Preachers falſely tell,
The Clans are coming, oho, oho.
Therefore forbear ye canting Crew,
Your bugbear Tales are but for Shew;
The want of Stipends is your Fear,
And not the Clans, oho, oho.

III.

We will protect both Church and State,
Tho they be held our mortal Foe;
And when *H*---------'s to the Gait,
You'll bleſs the Clans, oho, oho.
Corruption, Brib'ry, Breach of Law,
This was your Cant ſome time ago;
Which did expoſe both Court and King,
And rais'd our Clans, oho, oho.

IV.

IV.

Rouz'd, like a Lyon from his Den,
When he thought on his Country's Woe,
Our brave Protector *C*----- did come,
With all his Clans, oho, oho.
Theſe Lions for their Country's Cauſe,
And nat'ral Prince were never ſlow;
So now they come with their brave Prince,
The Clans advance, oho, oho.

V.

And now the Clans have drawn their Swords,
They vow Revenge againſt them a,
That do lift up th' U---'s Arms,
To fight againſt our King and Law.
Then God preſerve our royal King,
And his dear Sons the lovely Twa,
And ſet him on his Father's Throne,
And bleſs his Subjects great and ſma.

A SONG.

Tune, *when* Britons *firſt*, &c.

I.

WHEN royal *C*---*s*, by Heav'n's Command,
Arriv'd in *Scotland*'s noble Plain,
Arriv'd in *Scotland*'s noble Plain;
Thus ſpoke the Warriour, the Warriour of the Land,
And guardian Angels ſung this Strain;
Go on, brave Youth, go combat and ſucceed,
For thou ſhalt conquer, 'tis decreed.

II.

II.

At *F*-----*k*'s fam'd victorious Field,
Where *H*---*y* proud was forc'd to yield,
Where, &c.
Let the applauding, the applauding World be taught,
How well brave *C*----*s*'s Heroes fought,
Go on brave Youth, &c.

III.

Tho' thou art baniſh'd for awhile,
Yet Fortune ſtill on thee ſhall ſmile,
Yet Fortune, &c.
Thou ſhalt return triumphant o'er thy Foes,
And ruling *Britain* end our Woes:
Then *G*---- be gone, be gone with all thy Race,
And to our rightful K--g give Place.

The **th of JUNE.

Tune, *the King ſhall enjoy*, &c.

I.

LET ev'ry honeſt *Britiſh* Soul, with chearful Loyalty be gay;
With *J*---'s Health we'll crown the Bowl, and celebrate this glorious Day.
Let no one care a Fig, for the d--'d rebellious W--g,
That Inſect of U-------n;
Fill a Bumper e'ry one to the glorious **th of *June*,
And a ſpeedy R-------.

II.

II.

What though the *G*----*n* Renegades, with foreign
Yokes oppreſs us,
Tho' ****** our Property invades, our M----h's
T----e poſſeſſes,
Yet remember *Charles*'s Fate, how he rov'd from State
to State,
Kept out by a fanatic Nation;
'Till at length came that Day, call'd the 29th of *May*,
Still renown'd for a Reſtoration.

III.

Britons be Loyaliſts again, you've a Precedent before
you,
This Day crown'd with a *S*----'s Reign, ſhall ſhine in
future Story,
Be reſolute and brave, your Country you may ſave,
If ye dare but once be loyal;
Then let ev'ry honeſt Soul either conquer or fall,
To eſtabliſh the Line Royal.

IV.

What tho' th' *U*-----'s Cauſe prevail, relieve your Con-
ſtitution,
Expel that Race the c--s'd Intail of *W*-----'s Revo-
lution,
Be bought and ſold no more by a lawleſs *G*---*n* Pow'r,
Be old *England* a flouriſhing Nation;
Let K--- *J*--- then be your Toaſt, may he ſoon adorn
your Coaſt,
You'll be bleſt with a R-------n.

ROBIN JOHN CLARK.

Tune, *sweet* Lary *be merry.*

I.

YE true Bachanals, come to *John* of the Dales,
And there we'll carouze o'er a Butt of good Liquor;
Bring with you no Sharkers or Friends to *U----rs*,
But such as will drink 'till their Pulses beat quicker.
Let the Courtier, who snarls at the Friends of P---ce
C----s,
And eke who our Houses and Windows make dark,
Ne'er taste of such Pleasure, or rifle our Treasure;
For this is the Chorus of *Robin John Clark.*

II.

Let each bung his Eye, 'till the Vessel's quite dry,
And drink to the low'ring extravagant Taxes;
The Spirit of *Britain*, by Foreigners spit on,
Quite low by Oppression and Tyranny waxes:
Then take off the Toast, tho' the Battle was lost,
And he that refuses a Traitor we'll mark,
Success to the Prince, the glorious Prince,
For this is the Chorus of *Robin John Clark.*

III.

To the brave Duke his Brother, we'll fill up another,
Not meaning that Blood-thirsty cruel Assassin;
May the *Scots* Partizans recollect their stout Clans,
Their Force twenty thousand in Number surpassing;

May they enter *W------ll, St.* *****'s and all,
While for Safety the Troops are encamp'd in *Hyde Park*;
Let Heav'n inſpire each Volley of Fire,
Suceeſs to the Chorus of *Robin John Clark.*

IV.

Hand in Hand let us join againſt ſuch as combine,
And ſtrive to enſlave us by vile U-------n;
When ever Time offers, we'll open our Coffers,
And fight to retrieve the bad State of the Nation;
We'll not only drink, but we'll act as we think;
We'll take up the Muſquet, the Broadſword and Durk;
Through all ſorts of Weather we'll trudge it together,
And conquer or die with *Robin John Clark.*

The DEVIL o'er LINCOLN.

Tune, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

I.

AS the Devil o'er *Lincoln* was looking one Day,
For when Satan looks ſharp he can ſee a great Way,
He ſpy'd an odd Figure on *Bloomſbury* Steeple,
With his Horns high exalted ſurveying the People.
Derry down, &c.

II.

How now! quoth the Devil, what ſpy I at *London*,
Should I ſuffer a Rival, my Self would be undone;
And whilſt a Man ſcarce could toſs off his Flaggon,
The Devil was mounted on *Bow* Steeple Dragon,
Derry down, &c.

III.

From thence Satan kenn'd the ſweet Face of the Creature,
He knew his old Friend in each Line and each Feature:
Without further Preface he addreſs'd his Ally,
With a how the plague, *G—e*, came you mounted ſo high?
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Speak, how got you up? I ſhall humble your Pride?
What a Pox have you learn'd on a Broomſtic to ride?
No ſoftly, quoth *G—*, you be vaſtly miſtakon,
Me be ne'er for de Vitch nor de Conjurer tacon.
Derry down, &c.

V.

But to telle you de trute vas plac'd here by my Brewer,
Ven I vas as ignorant of it as you are;
But do' I'm a Fool as you plainly may ſee,
You have not von more humble Servant dan me.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Do' your Highneſs have place your own Council about me;
Yet you ſtill muſt acknowlege you cannot do without me;
'Tis I who to all your damn'd Projects give Birt,
And each Plotta form'd in Hell, go in my Name on Eart. *Derry down*, &c.

VII.

Vat has lately been done may convince you full well,
Dat in my Reign you ſhould ne'er vant Subjects in Hell:
Our late ſwearing Act you'll allow was a Trapa,
Me leave not a Loophole for von to eſcapa.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Vo ter Divel could e'er done more in my Station,
Since vit one ſingle Acta me damme de vol Nation;
Men of every Degree, Vomen rich and poor,
From her Highneſs of *Wales*, to de Street-walking Whore. *Derry down*, &c.

IX.

Vere it not for me you'd be plagu'd vit de Clergy,
And ſome of dem, Sir, would confoundedly ſcourge you;
Shoude me ſouffre dere damme Convocation to ſitta,
Oh! den Bro. Satan, we bote might be bitta.
Derry down, &c.

X.

X.

But my Biſhops from all dere Attempts will ſecure ye,
And dey are youre beſt Vrinds on Eart, I'll aſſure ye;
Dere is but very few on dat Rev'rend Bench,
But adore you as much, Sir, as me or my Vench,
Derry down, &c.

XI.

Dere is but *Cheſter* and *Bat*, now *Rocheſter*'s fled,
Zounds, quoth the Devil, their Names make me dread;
If you muſt prate of Biſhops, you Fool can't you think on,
York, *Wincheſter*, *Saliſbury*, *Durham*, and *Lincoln*,
Derry down, &c.

XII.

Or the Biſhop of *Aſaph* that dear little Whoreſon,
Who's as like them in Soul as he may be in Perſon;
He propagates Vice, Religion pulls down,
Which you know is the only Support of your Crown.
Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Thoſe, thoſe are brave Souls, worthy Satan's Alliance,
With ſuch Troops I'd boldly bid Heav'n Defiance,
Since you make ſuch Biſhops, *G*——, you may reign on,
For the Devil can't find ſuch a Pack when they're gone.
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

XIV.

The Monarch of Hell flew away in a trice,
Th' ******* of *B---n* look'd wond'rous wise;
Thus ended their Treaty, as moſt People ſay,
He'd be glad to come off half ſo well at *Cambray*.

Derry down, &c.

The Old GENIUS of ENGLAND.

Tune, *the Louvre*.

I.

ALL languid and pale, in the Salt wat'ry Vale,
Th' old Genius of England lay panting for Breath;
And tho' juſt expiring, yet Life ſtill deſiring,
Thus ſpake e're his Death.
My Sons, whom I've kept when abler and ſtronger,
More healthy and younger, now pity my Grief;
Too long have you ſlept, too oft have I wept,
Whilſt butcher'd and feebled by every Rebel
And each mighty Thief;
Who by vile U------n have diſhonour'd the Nation,
And brought no Relief.

II.

II.

Then *B*----*n* be wiſe, 'tis Juſtice that cries,
Too ſoon you've diſpos'd of what ne'er was your own;
No more be a Traitor to Law and to Nature,
To God and the Throne.
For a King you may have, who ſhall ſoon redreſs you
Of Ills that oppreſs you, and heal ev'ry Sore;
Thus, thus you may ſave poor me from the Grave,
And your own Reputation, by a new R------n,
As you once did before;
Then make Reſtitution, by a quick R------n,
And then change no more.

BRITONS NOW.

I.

BRITONS now retrieve your Glory,
And your ancient Rights maintain,
Drive the ****** Race before you,
And reſtore a ******'s Reign;
Load the *B*------*k* Prancer double,
Heap on all your Care and Trouble,
Drive him hence with all his Rabble,
Never to return again.

II.

II.

Call your injur'd **** to ſave you,
  Ere you farther are oppreſs'd,
He's ſo good, he will forgive you,
  And receive you to his Breaſt.
Think on all the Wrongs you've done him,
Bow your rebel Necks and own him;
Quickly make amends and crown him,
  Or you never can be bleſt.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

I.

IF thou'lt play me fair Play,
  Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie.
Another Year for thee I'll ſtay, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
For a' the Laſſes hereabouts, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
Marry none but *Geordi*'s Louts. *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

II.

The Time ſhall come when their bad Choice,
  Bonny Laddie, &c.
They will repent, and we rejoice;
  Bonny Laddie, &c.
I'd take thee in thy highland Trews
  Bonny Laddie, &c.
Before the Rogues that wear their Blues.
  Bonny Laddie, &c.

III.

Our Torments from no Cauſe do ſpring, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
But fighting for our lawful King; *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
Our King's Reward will come in Time, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
And conſtant *Jenny* ſhall be thine, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

IV.

There's no Diſtreſs that Earth can bring, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
But I'd endure for our true King; *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
And were my *Jenny* but my own, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
I'd undervalue *Geordie*'s Crown. *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.

The PRAYER.

Tune, *when he holds up his Hand.*

JEHOVAH preſerve and reſtore to his own,
Our injur'd *******, now kept from his *****;
Send Help from above, and our Loſſes repair,
As he is your Bleſſing, ſo may he be your Care:
And let all loyal Subjects, with one Voice combine,
To give *Cæſar* his due, to give *Cæſar* his due,
And to Thee what is Thine.

A SONG.

Tune, *Alloway-houſe.*

I.

Oh! how ſhall I venture, or dare to reveal,
Too great for Expreſſion, too good to conceal,
The Graces and Virtues that illuſtriouſly ſhine,
In the Prince that's deſcended from the *S*----'s great Line.

II.

O could I extoll, as I love the dear Name,
And ſuit my low Strains to my Princes' high Fame,
In Verſes immortal, his Glory ſhould live,
And Ages unborn, his Merit ſurvive.

III.

But O! thou great Hero, juſt Heir to the *****,
The World in Amazement, admires thy Renown;
Thy princely Behaviour, ſets forth thy juſt Praiſe,
In Trophies more laſting, than Poets can raiſe.

IV.

Thy Valour in War, thy Deportment in Peace,
Shall be ſung and admir'd, when Diviſion ſhall ceaſe;
Thy Foes in Confuſion ſhall yield to thy Sway,
And thoſe who now rule be compell'd to obey.

TRUE BLUE.

I.

I HOPE there's no Soul met over this Bowl,
But means honeſt Ends to purſue;
With the Voice go the Heart, and let's never depart
From the Faith of an honeſt true Blue, true Blue,
From the Faith of an honeſt true Blue.

II.

For our Country and Friends, we'll damn private Ends,
And keep old *Britiſh* Virtue in view;
Stand clear off the Tribe that addreſs with a Bribe,
Be honeſt and ever true Blue, *&c.*

III.

On the politic Knave who ſtrives to enſlave,
Whoſe Schemes the whole Nation may rue;
On Penſion and Place, that Curſe and Diſgrace,
Turn your Backs and be ſtanch to true Blue, *&c.*

IV.

As with Hound and with Horn we riſe in the Morn,
With Vigour the Chace to purſue,
Corruption's our Cry, which we'll chace till it die,
'Tis worthy a *Britiſh* true Blue, *&c.*

V.

Here's a Health to all thoſe, who Slav'ry oppoſe,
And our Trade both defend and renew;
To each honeſt Voice that concurs in the Choice,
And Support of an honeſt true Blue, true Blue,
And Support of an honeſt true Blue.

The

The HIGHLAND LAD and LAWLAND LASSY.

Tune, *if thou'lt play me fair play.*

I.

THE Cannons roar and Trumpets ſound,
Bonny Laſſy, Lawland Laſſy.
And a' the Hills with *C*---- reſound;
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
Glory and Honour now invite, *Bonny Laſſy, &c.*
For Freedom and my **** to fight. *Bonny Laſſy, &c.*

II.

In vain you ſtrive to ſooth my Pain, *Bonny Laddie, &c.*
With that much long'd for glorious Name,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
I, too fond Maid, gave you a Heart;
Bonny Laddie, &c.
With which you now ſo freely part.
Bonny Laddie, &c.

III.

No Paſſion can with me prevail, *Bonny Laſſy, &c.*
When King and Country's in the Scale,
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
Though this Conflict in my Soul,
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
Tells me Love too much does rule.
Bonny Laſſy, &c.

IV.

IV.

Ah! dull Pretence, I'll ſooner die, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
Then ſee you thus inconſtant fly; *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
And leave me to th' inſulting Crew, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
Of *Whiggs* a Mock for truſting you, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

V.

Tho', *Jenny*, I my Leave mun take, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
I never will my Love forſake; *Bonny Laſſy*, &c:
Be now content, no more repine, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
For ***** ſhall reign, and ye's be mine.
Bonny Laſſy, &c.

VI.

While thus abandon'd to my Smart,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
To one more fair you'll give your Heart;
Bonny Laddie, &c.
And what ſtill gives me greater Pain,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
Death may for ever you detain. *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

VII.

None elſe ſhall ever have a Share, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
But you and Honour, of my Care;
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
And Death no Terror e'er can bring, *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.
While I am fighting for my King. *Bonny Laſſy*, &c.

VIII.

VIII.

The Sun a backward Courſe ſhall take,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
Ere aught your manly Courage ſhake;
Bonny Laddie, &c.
My Fondneſs ſhall no more controul,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
Your gen'rous and heroic Soul. *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

IX.

Your Charms, your Senſe, your noble Mind,
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
Wou'd make the moſt abandon'd kind;
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
For you and *C*------ I'd freely fight,
Bonny Laſſy, &c.
No Object elſe can give Delight,
Bonny Laſſy, &c.

X.

Go for yourſelf, procure Renown, *Bonny Laddie*, &c.
And for your lawful **** his Crown;
Bonny Laddie, &c.
And, when victorious, you ſhall find,
Bonny Laddie, &c.
A *Jenny* conſtant to your Mind. *Bonny Laddie*, &c.

A SONG.

Tune, *when* Britain *firſt*, &c.

I.

WHEN *Britain* firſt by Heav'n's Command,
Aroſe from out the azure Main,
Aroſe from out the azure Main,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
And guardian Angels ſung this Strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia *rule the Waves*,
Britons *never ſhall be Slaves*.

II.

The Nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their Turns to Tyrants fall,
Muſt in their Turn, *&c.*
While thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The Dread and Envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, *&c.*

III.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their Attempts to pull Thee down,
All their Attempts, *&c.*
Will but arouze, arouze thy gen'rous Flame,
And work their Fall and thy Renown.
Rule Britannia, *&c.*

IV.

IV.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke,
More dreadful, *&c.*
As the loud Blaſt, the Blaſt that rends the Sky,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule Britannia, *&c.*

V.

To Thee belongs the naval Reign;
Thy Cities ſhall with Commerce ſhine,
Thy Cities ſhall, *&c,*
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject Main,
And ev'ry Shore it circles thine;
Rule Britannia, *&c.*

VI.

The Muſes ſtill with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy Coaſts repair,
Shall to thy, *&c.*
Bleſt Iſle with Beauty, with matchleſs Beauty crown'd,
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule Britannia, *&c.*

A SONG.

Tune, *for a'that.*

I.

THO' ******* reigns in *****'s Stead,
I'm grieved yet ſcorn to ſhaw that,
I'll ne'er look down nor hang my Head
On rebel Whig for a'that;

For ſtill I truſt that Providence
Will us relieve from a'that,
Our royal Prince is weal in Health,
And will be here for a'that.
For a'that, and a'that,
And thrice as muckle a'that;
He's far beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a'that.

II.

He's far beyond *Dumblain* the Night,
Whom I love weell for a'that;
He wears a Piſtol by his Side that makes me blyth for a'that,
The Highland Coat, the Philabeg, the Tartan Hoſe, and a'that,
And tho' he's o'er the Seas the Night,
He'll ſoon be here for a'that.
And a'that, &c.

III.

He wears a Broadſword by his Side,
And weell he kens to draw that,
The Target and the Highland Plaid,
The Shoulder-belt and a'that;
A Bonnet bound with Ribbons blue,
The white Cockade, and a'that,
And tho' beyond the Seas the Night,
Yet he'll be here for a'that.
And a'that, &c.

IV.

IV.

The Whigs think a that *Weal* is won,
But Faith they ma'na' fa' that;
They think our loyal Hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a'that.
For a'that, &c.

V.

But O what will the Whigs ſay ſyne,
When they're miſta'en in a'that;
When *G---ie* mun fling by the C--n,
His Hat and Wig, and a'that;
The Flames will get baith Hat and Wig,
As often they've done a'that;
Our highland Lad will get the C--n,
And we'll be blyth for a'that.
And a'that, &c.

VI.

O! then your bra' militia Lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling by their black Cockades,
A helliſh Colour truly.
As Night is baniſh'd by the Day,
The White ſhall drive awa that;
The Sun ſhall then his Beams diſplay,
And we'll be blyth for a'that.
And a'that, &c.

The 5th of NOVEMBER.

I.

LET *Whigs* remember the 5th of *November*,
And ſinge the Pope and the Devil that Day,
We'll burn our Bonnets, and ſing loyal Sonnets
In Praiſe of the 29th of *May*;
And wiſh ere many more Days are run
The ſame may bring in the **th of *June*,
That *J---y*, now Royaliſts all are grown,
May ſafely come over in Spite of *H-----r*,
And ſit on his Father's Throne.

II.

'Tis but a Folly to talk of our holy
Religion, untill we give *Ceſar* his due;
To injure Princes and gloſs our Offences,
Is ſerving God worſe than a *Turk* or a *Jew*;
Then let us return what we've taken away,
And make another reſtoring Day,
Or elſe we as wicked as Faction are grown;
For tho' to the Skies we turn up our Eyes,
We diſhonour the Church we own.

DESCRIPTION of a WHIG.

Tune, *If the Heart of a Man*, &c.

I.

WOULD you know what a *Whig* is, and always was,
I'll ſhew you his Life as it were in a Glaſs:
He's a Rebel by Nature, with a villainous Face,
A Saint by Profeſſion who ne'er had Grace:
Cheating and Lying are puny Things,
Rapine and Plunder but venial Sins;
His dear Occupation is Ruin of Nations,
Subverting of Crowns, and murdering Kings.

II.

To ſhew that he came from a Wight of Worth,
'Twas Lucifer's Pride that bore the Elf;
'Twas bloody Barbarity gave him Birth,
Ambition the Midwife that brought him forth;
Judas his Tutor was 'till he grew big,
Hypocriſy taught him to care not a Fig
For all that was Sacred, ſo thus was created,
And brought into th' World what you call a *Whig*.

III.

Spew'd up among Mortals from helliſh Jaws,
He ſuddenly ſtrikes at Religion and Laws;
With civil Diſſentions and bloody Inventions,
And all for to puſh on the good old Cauſe;

Still

Still cheating and lying he plays his Game,
Always diſſembling, but ſtill the ſame,
'Till he fills the Creation with Crimes of Damnation,
Then goes to the Devil from whence he came.

Bp. BURNET's deſcent into H——L.

I.

THE Devils were brawling at *Burnet*'s deſcending,
But, at his Arrival, they left off contending;
Old Lucifer ran his dear Biſhop to meet,
And thus the Arch-devil th' Apoſtate did greet,
Tal de ral.

II.

My dear Biſhop *Burnet*, I'm glad beyond meaſure,
This Viſit unlook'd for gives infinite Pleaſure;
And O, my dear *Sarum*, how go Things above,
Does *G*----- hate the Tories and Whigs only love.
Tal de ral.

III.

Was your Highneſs in *propria Perſona* to reign,
You could not more juſtly your Empire maintain.
And how does *Ben. Hoadly?* Oh! he's very well,
A truer blue Whig you have not in Hell.
Tal de ral.

IV.

IV.

Hugh Peters is making a Sneaker within
For *Luther*, *Buchanan*, *John Knox*, and *Calvin*;
And when they have toſs'd off a Brace of full Bowls,
You'll ſwear you ne'er met with honeſter Souls,
Tal de ral.

V.

This Night we'll carouze, in ſpite of all Pain,
Go *Cromwell*, you Dog, King *William* unchain;
And tell him his *Gilly* is lately come down,
Who's juſt left his Mitre as he left his Crown.
Tal de ral.

VI.

Whoſe Lives, till they died, in our Service were ſpent,
They only come hither who never repent;
Let Heralds aloud then our Victories tell,
Let *G*----- reign for ever; Amen, cry'd all Hell.
Tal de ral.

A SONG.

I.

THOU Butcher of the Northern Clime,
Thy Fame deſcends to future Time;
Your Maſſacres, your Murders more,
Than ere were known in Days of Yore;
The little Babes for Mercy cry'd,
Their bleeding Mothers were deny'd
The Lives of Huſbands and their own;
Does ſuch a Brood deſerve a T----e?

II.

II.

Muſt then our P---- a Wand'rer be,
And all this *Britons* tamely ſee;
Unite, unite ye out of Hand,
And drive thoſe Blood-hounds from the Land:
Bring home, bring home, the r--l Race,
Oppreſſion they ſhall quite deface:
Then Trade will flouriſh, Money grow,
And Milk and Honey overflow.

Welcome C****** S*****.

I.

YOU 're welcome *C---y S----*,
You're welcome *C---y S----*,
You're welcome *C---y S----*,
There's none ſo right as thou art,
Had I the Power to my Will,
I'd make Thee famous by my Quill,
Thy Foes I'd ſcatter, take and kill,
From *Billingſgate* to *Duart*.
You're welcome, &c.

II.

Thy ſympathizing Complaiſance,
Made Thee believe intriguing *France*;
But woe is me for thy Miſchance,
Which ſaddens every Heart,
Your welcome, &c.

III.

III.

Hadſt thou *C——n* Battle won,
Poor *Scotland* had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been, with Sword and Gun,
By *Lockhart* and ſuch Cowards.
Your welcome, &c.

IV.

Kind Providence, to Thee a Friend,
A lovely Maid did timely ſend,
To ſave Thee from a fearful End,
Thou charming *C---y S---t*,
You're welcome, &c.

V.

Great glorious P---e, we firmly pray,
That ſhe and we may ſee the Day,
When *Britons* all with Joy ſhall ſay,
You're welcome *C---y S---t*,
Your welcome, &c.

VI.

Tho' *C——d*, the T—t proud,
Doth thirſt and hunger after Blood,
Juſt Heaven will preſerve the Good
To fight for *C---y S---t*.
You're welcome, &c.

VII.

When ere I take a Glaſs of Wine,
I drink Confuſion to the Swine;
But Health to him that will combine
To fight for *C---y S---t.*
You're welcome, &c.

VIII.

The Miniſtry may *Scotland* maul,
But our brave Hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like *Britons*, one and all,
For Liberty and *S----t.*
You're welcome, &c.

IX.

Then haſte, ye *Britons*, and ſet on
Your lawful K--g upon the T---e;
To *H---r* we'll drive each one,
Who will not fight for *S---t.*
You're welcome, &c.

FREEDOM's Farewell.

I.

BRITONS, where is your great Magnanimity,
Where's your boaſted Courage flown?
Quite perverted to Puſillanimity,
Scarce dare ſay your Soul's your own.

II.

II.

What your Anceſtors won ſo victorioufly,
Crown'd with Laurels in the Field,
You have relinquiſh'd, and, oh! moſt ingloriouſly,
To Oppreſſion tamely yield.

III.

Freedom now, for Flight, makes preparative,
See her, weeping, quit the Shore;
Briton's Loſs then is paſt all Reparative,
Never to behold her more.

IV.

Gracious God, to aſſiſt us exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand;
Make Oppreſſors their Plunder diſgorgitate,
And preſerve a ſinking Land.

A SONG.

Tune, *Tweed Side.*

I.

WHAT's the ſpring-breathing Jeſſamine and Roſe,
What's the Summer, with all it's gay Train;
Or the Plenty of Autumn to thoſe,
Who've barter'd their Freedom for Gain?

Let the Love of our King's ſacred Right,
To the Love of our Country ſucceed ;
Let Friendſhip and Honour unite,
And flouriſh on both Sides the *Tweed*.

II.

No Sweetneſs the Senſes can chear,
Which Corruption and Bribery blind ;
No Brightneſs that Gloom e'er can clear,
For Honour's the Sun of the Mind.
Let the Love, *&c.*

III.

Let Virtue diſtinguiſh the Brave,
Place Riches in loweſt Degree ;
Think him pooreſt, who can be a Slave,
Him richeſt who dares to be free.
Let the Love, *&c.*

IV.

Let us think how our Anceſtors roſe,
Then reflect how our Anceſtors fell ;
The Rights they defended, and thoſe
They bought with their Blood, we'll ne'er ſell.
Let the Love, *&c.*

The

The pilfering BROOD.

I.

WHAT a curſed Crew have we got
From a Country call'd *H*------?
A wretched Race to our Diſgrace,
Which we too late diſcover.
Drive 'em hence, drive 'em hence,
Quickly, quickly, drive 'em hence;
Here's a Health, here's a Health,
Here's a Health to our lawful P-----.

II.

Had you ſeen their public Entry
When firſt they grac'd the City,
Each did appear, in his beſt Gear,
Like pilfering poor Banditty.
Drive, &c.

III.

Now they have got our Money,
And our Eſtates are carving,
If they ſtay here another Year,
They'll leave us not one Farthing.
Drive, &c.

IV.

The only Way to ſave us,
And keep both Church and Steeple,
Is to bring in our lawful K---,
The Father of his People.
Let him come, let him come,
Quickly, quickly, let him come;
Here's his Health, here's his Health,
Here's his Health, and ſafe Return.

A SONG.

Tune, *the Widow can bake and the Widow can brew.*

I.

TO all loyal Subjects glad Tidings I bring,
Come let us be merry and joyfully ſing,
And drink a Health round to the Son of our King,
The royal and charming bright Laddie.

II.

Who now is arrived on our *Scottiſh* Shore,
Demanding his own, and aſking no more,
But to baniſh the u------g Son of a Whore,
Who poſſeſſes the Rights of our Laddie.

III.

Who plunders our Nation of Money and Store,
And to his poor Duchy ſends our *Britiſh* Ore,
Yet, tho' we are poor, we'll never grieve more,
When we have got home our bright Laddie.

IV.

IV.

Our Money is thieviſhly ſent o'er the Main,
Our Trade is decaying, our brave Men are ſlain,
Our Land with high Taxes is groaning in Pain,
And longs for the royal bright Laddie.

V.

Oh! *Britons*, 'tis Time you ſhould open your Eyes,
Leſt your preſent Folly the World ſhould ſurprize,
For favouring a Stranger, a Wolf in Diſguiſe,
Who worries the Friends of our Laddie.

VI.

Oppreſſion and Cruelty, Tyranny all,
With uſurping *G----e*, together ſhall fall,
When *Britons* ſhall give an unanimous Call,
To the royal and charming bright Laddie.

VII.

And then we ſhall have a firm laſting Peace,
With the Downfall of that *H--------n* Race,
By whoſe Means we came to a woful Diſgrace,
Which ſhall be repair'd by our Laddie.

VIII.

The loyal *Macdonalds* ſhall then have their Due,
And ev'ry Clan round them who ever ſtood true;
May all Things propitious befall that bleſt Crew,
Who favour'd the Cauſe of our Laddie.

IX.

May he be aſſiſted from Heaven above,
Courageous and loyal may all his Friends prove,
And may the beſt Fortune attend them, that love
And favour the royal bright Laddie.

X.

Let JEHOVAH have Glory, the King have the Crown,
O Heavens aſſiſt him, (he wants but his own)
To pull Uſurpation and Tyranny down,
And proſper the Cauſe of our Laddie.

SONG in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Tune, *When young at the Bar*, &c.

I.

WHAT ails thee, poor Shepherd, why looks thee ſo wan,
So meagre thy Face, and ſo ghaſtly thy Mein;
Has any Diſtemper infected thy Sheep?
Or does lovely *Phillis* diſturb thy ſweet Sleep?
That thou ſhould'ſt ſit here by the Shades, and complain;
What is it perplexes and troubles thy brain?

II.

'Twas cloſe by an Elm, where his Crook and Pipe
hung;
Alaſs! quoth the Shepherd, the Theme of my Song,
Is ſince our old Landlord is o'er the Seas gone,
Hogan Mogan has ſeiz'd, and keeps all for his own;
For our Rents they are rais'd, and our Taxes increaſe,
And all is becauſe we have ta'n a new Leaſe.

III.

So dull are my Notes, on my Pipe I can't play
The Tune I was wont, ſince our Landlord's away.
Heavens bleſs our great Maſter, and ſend him again,
Ere Famine and Poverty kill the poor Swain;
Or the *Dutch* and the *Germans* our Lands they do keep,
And fleece this poor Nation as I fleece my Sheep.

IV.

Chear up, honeſt Shepherd, and calm thy grieved
Heart,
Gird thy Sword by thy Side, act a true *Britiſh* Part;
Gird thy Sword by thy Side, throw thy Sheep-hook
away,
For our old Landlord is coming, we'll clear him the
Way;
See the Glaſs how it ſparkles with true *Engliſh* Corn,
Here's hisHealth, honeſt Shepherd, and ſpeedy Return.

A SONG.

Tune, *the Widow can bake and the Widow can brew.*

I.

LET *Sol* curb his Courſers, and ſtretch out the Day,
That Time may not hinder Carouzing and Play;
That we may be chearful, and all Nature gay,
Upon the Birth-day of our Laddie.
With the Down of a Thiſtle we'll make him a Bed,
With Roſes and Lillies we'll pillow his Head;
And with a tun'd Harp we'll gently aid,
To eaſe in ſoft Slumbers our Laddie.

II.

Our Laddie can fight, and our Laddie can ſing,
He's fierce as the North Wind, and blythe as the Spring,
And his Soul was deſign'd for no leſs than a King,
Such Virtues appear in our Laddie.
With the Down, &c.

III.

Let Thunderbolts rattle o'er Mountains of Snow,
And Hurricanes over cold *Caucaſus* blow;
Let Care be confin'd to the Regions below,
When we have got home our bright Laddie.
With the Down, &c.

IV.

IV.

Then through the fair Foreſt, he'll chace the wild Bull,
And tear the Horns off from his G——n thick Skull;
For he wou'd deſtroy, had he but his Will,
Our Friends, and their bonny bright Laddie.
With the Down, &c.

V.

Then open your Cellars, and deal out the Wine,
And let us carouze it 'till our Noſes ſhine;
And curſe on the Wretch that wou'd ſeem to decline
The drinking Succeſs to our Laddie.
With the Down, &c.

On a SUMMER'S DAY.

I.

ON a Summer's Day, when all were gay,
The Lads and Laſſes met,
In a flowery Mead, each lovely Maid,
Was by her true Love ſet:
Dick took his Glaſs, drank to his Laſs,
And *J*----'s Health around did paſs;
Huzza they cry'd, and all reply'd,
God ſave our noble King.

II.

To the Queen, ſays *Hugh*, drink about, ſays *Sue*,
They ſay ſhe's wond'rous pretty;
To the Prince, ſays *Will*, that's right, ſays *Nell*,
God ſend him here, ſays *Watty*:
May the Power's above this Tribe remove,
And ſend us home the Line we love.
Huzza, &c.

III.

Their Liquor ſpent, they to dancing went,
Each true Love choſe his Mate;
Ralph bow'd to *Moll*, and *Hodge* to *Doll*,
Hal choſe out black-ey'd *Kate*;
Name the Dance, ſays *John*, let 'em play, ſays *Nan*,
The K--g ſhall enjoy his own again.
Huzza, &c.

IV.

In dancing they all ſpent the Day,
It was the 10th of *June*;
The Evening came, they all went home,
Each ſung a loyal Tune;
And drank to the King, royal ***** I mean,
With ev'ry Toaſt they join'd him in.
Huzza, &c.

The

The true PROPHET.

Tune, *The King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

I.

WHAT *Booker* doth prognoſticate
Concerning Kings and Kingdom's Fate,
I take myſelf to be as wiſe
As he that gazes on the Skies.
My Skill goes beyond the Depth of a Pond,
Or Rivers in the deepeſt Rain,
Whereby I can tell all Things will be well,
When the K--g enjoys his own again.

II.

There's neither *Swallow*, *Dove*, nor *Dade*,
Can ſoar more high, or deeper wade,
Or ſhew Reaſons from the Stars,
What cauſes Peace or civil Wars.
The Man in the Moon may wear out his Shoen,
By running after *Charles's Wain* ;
But all's to no End, for the Times will never mend,
'Till the K--g enjoys his own again.

III.

Full ſixty Years this royal T----e,
Has been his Father's and his own ;
Nor is there any one but He,
That in the ſame ſhould Sharer be.
For who better may the Scepter ſway,
Than he that has ſuch Right to reign ;
Then look for no Peace, for the Wars will never ceaſe,
'Till the K--g enjoys his own again.

IV.

IV.

Tho', for a Time, you ſee *Whitehall*,
With Cobwebs hanging on the Wall,
Inſtead of Gold and Silver brave,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have;
With rich Perfume in every Room,
Delightful to that princely Train;
Which again ſhall be, when the Time you ſee
That the K--g enjoys his own again.

V.

Then Fears avaunt, for on the Hill
My Hope ſhall caſt her Anchor ſtill,
Untill I find ſome peaceful Dove
Bring home the Branch I dearly love;
There will I wait 'till the Waters abate
Which now diſturb my troubled Brain;
For I never will rejoice, 'till I hear the Voice,
That the K--g enjoys his own again.

T—— F——l.

NO hard Fate daunts a loyal Spirit,
Death removes us from all Cares below;
Endleſs Joys Martyrs ſhall inherit,
Such uſurping Tyrants ne'er ſhall know.
We'll own no Power by Rebels in Convention,
Nor a K--g by ſuch a Rabble made;
Sooner than betray our Country for a Penſion,
We'll increaſe the Number of the Dead.

A SONG.

I.

NOW *C*----*s* aſſerts his Father's Right,
And thus eſtabliſhes his own;
Daring the Dangers of the Fight,
To clear a Paſſage to the Throne.
The *Scots* regain their long-loſt Fame,
And now their Faith and Valour ſhow;
Supporting their young Hero's Claim,
Deſpiſing the rebellious Foe.

II.

May Heaven aſſiſt their good Deſign,
And make their honeſt Cauſe it's own;
Then ſhall all human Arts be vain,
And Fears and Jealouſies unknown;
Then ſhall *Hibernia*, long oppreſs'd,
With ev'ry diff'rent Kind of Woe,
Forget that ere ſhe was diſtreſs'd,
Raptures ſhall in her Boſom glow.

III.

Then ſhall *Britannia* alſo ſee
Her wild contending Parties join,
And Peace reſtor'd with Liberty,
By this unjuſtly baniſh'd Line;
No more ſhall Feuds diſturb the Peace,
As oft in former Times they've done,
Then ſhall be dropt all fierce Debate,
When royal ****** fills the Throne.

IV.

IV.

The God of Battle ſhakes his Arm,
And makes the doubtful Vict'ry thine;
A panic Fear your Foes diſarm,
Who can oppoſe the Will divine?
The Rebels ſhall at length confeſs
Th' undoubted Juſtice of thy Claim;
The liſping Babes ſhall learn to bleſs
The long-forgotten *S*-----'s Name.

A SONG.

Tune, *God ſave our lawful King.*

I.

BRITONS who dare to claim,
That great and glorious Name,
Rouze at the Call;
See *Engliſh* Honour fled,
Corruption's Infl'ence ſpread,
Slav'ry raiſe it's Head,
And Freedom fall.

II.

Church, King, and Liberty,
Honour and Property,
All are betray'd;
Foreigners rule the Land,
Our Blood and Wealth command,
Obſtruct with lawleſs Hand
Juſtice and Trade.

III.

III.

Shall an U----r reign?
And *Britons* hug the Chain?
That we'll deny;
Then let us all unite,
To retrieve *J*----'s Right,
For Church, King, and Laws we'll fight,
Conquer or die.

IV.

Join in the juſt Defence,
Of *J*---- our lawful P----e,
And native K--g;
Then ſhall true Greatneſs ſhine,
Juſtice and Mercy join,
Reſtor'd by *S*-----'s Line,
Virtue's great Spring.

V.

Down with *Dutch* Politics,
Whigs and all Phanatics,
The old Rump's Cauſe;
Recall your injur'd P----e,
Drive *H*--------*s* hence,
Such as rule here againſt
All *Engliſh* Laws.

VI.

Borne on the Wings of Fame,
Ch----'s heroic Name,
All his Foes dread;
He'll from his Father's Throne,
Pull U------n down,
Glorious Succeſs ſhall crown
His ſacred Head.

A SONG.

Tune, *from ſcourging Rebellion*, &c.

I.

TO redeem us from Slav'ry, with ſmall Hopes from *France*,
Truſting only to his Subjects, ſee brave *E*----- advance;
Victorious at *Gladſmuir*, before him *C*--- flew,
And at *Falkirk* fam'd *H*---*y* his Army withdrew.
Your Glaſſes charge high, 'tis in brave E----'s *Praiſe,*
His Praiſe, his Praiſe, 'tis in brave E----'s *Praiſe;*
To his Glory your Voices and Inſtruments raiſe,
To his Glory your Voices and Inſtruments raiſe.

II.

Tho' by *C*-------'s Army at *Culloden* ſurpriz'd,
He boldly did fight, but was falſely adviſ'd;
Had he not been betray'd, he'd have then gain'd the Day,
The Sun had ſhone bright, and all Nature look'd gay.
Your Glaſſes, &c.

III.

In *Heſperia*'s ſoft Pleaſure he quited Repoſe,
And, Hero-like, came, where the Streams round him froze,
To drive out th' U----r all Danger defy'd,
And would conquer or die by fair Liberty's Side.
Your Glaſſes, &c.

IV.

IV.

How hateful's the Tyrant, who lur'd by falſe Fame,
And to ſatiate his Avarice, ſets the World in a Flame!
How glorious the Prince, whoſe beneficent Mind,
Makes true Grandeur conſiſt in protecting Mankind!
Your Glaſſes, &c.

V.

Ye Warriors, on whom we due Honours beſtow,
O think on the Source whence your late Evils flow,
Commanded by *E----d*, 'gainſt *H----r* Fight,
And drive from theſe K----s, the Man who's no Right.
Your Glaſſes, &c.

VI.

Then rouze, all ye *Britons*, before 'tis too late,
And lend all your Aid to remove civil Hate;
Let us chearfully join, and fight one and all,
That *G-----s* no more may free *Britons* enthrall.
Your Glaſſes, &c.

A DIALOGUE between two COLLIERS.

Tune, *the King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

I.

Jack. WHAT thinkſt thou of the Times, Neighbour *Tom*,
Volks talk as thof the Pretender would come;
Dick Wiſeman zaith that the Crown is his right,
If zo in troth wy a ſhou'd enjoy't:

When poor Vather dy'd how bitter had I cry'd
Had aur long Acre been ta'en away;
Gods dens as 'twere my due, I'd a lookt deſperate blue,
And vorthwith zwore I had voul play.

II.

When virſt this, what d'ye callen, Turnipman came o'er,
I thought a'd been worth vour Millions or more;
Odd's my Life thought I, old *England* may look chuff,
Vor our Taxes now will be taken off:
Who'd think a Man zo rich, wou'd zuck us like a Leach,
I heard a wou'd pay the Nation's Debt;
But a Pox an confound, here's vour zhillings in the Pound,
Zo, 'tis plain, we ſhall be poorer yet.

III.

Tom. Why I thought the zame as thou doſt zay,
And long'd to zee Crownation Day;
But when of Parſon *Truboy* I did enquire,
I vound a were not worth a Country Squire:
Yet zoon they could clear, a Million a Year,
Between the Daughter Zon and Dad;
This beggarly Crew, will make the Nation rue,
And eat their Nails vor very mad.

IV.

Our Rights in voating now are loſt,
And Preſbyterians rule the Roaſt;
To zhew their Spite at the Queen they rail,
And clap the High-church up in Jail.

But

But vaith it's no good Zign, I have loſt two lovely Kine,
They were alive but an Hour bevore they died;
But when Dame came with her Pail, they were dead as a Door-nail,
Zo, vor zertain zomewhat doth betide.

V.

Jack. Ad's Bud, why I know who's a Vool vor's Pains,
And hath more zomewhat elſe than Brains,
Not to perceive the Danger is near,
But ztill to zhitzacks lend an Ear.
By the vighting in the Sky, I zeem to prophecy,
He'd beſt way think of trooping home;
Mun thick wonderment vorewarns, a mun haul in his Horns,
Or, mayhap, a Roap may be his Doom.

VI.

Tom. Come, here's a Health to *J*---- the T---d,
Vor he's our King, by G——d, that's the Word;
As vor him that calls a C----d a K--,
His Hogs to a vair Market ne'er may he bring;
Nay, a hedging may he go, where the North Wind doth blow,
Without e're a Pipe of Tobacky:
Or we'll truſs up the Clown, like *Maccarty* on the Down,
While we jolly Boys drink zacky.

VII.

Jack. Come, here's a Cup of nappy brown Ale,
Wiſhing the King a proſperous Gale;
Long may a live and zpeedily come here,
And God zend us all a happy new Year.

And I myzelf do count on Dobin for to mount,
And thick Way hope vor to meet en;
And may all *Engliſhmen* agree, in this loyal Toaſt with me,
Here's a Health to the beſt born *Briton.*

A SONG.

Tune, *In good Queen* Beſs's *golden Days*, &c.

I.

WHY ſhould honeſt Men deſpair
Of coming into Faſhion,
Rogues but Heav'n's Judgments are,
To ſcourge a ſinful Nation.
U------s as they higher climb,
Are to Deſtruction haſting;
And tho' they proſper for a Time,
Their Glory is not laſting. *Fal*, &c.

II.

Traitors Bubbles are too thin
To prop uſurping Fortune,
Vulgar Eyes do now begin
To peep behind the Curtain.
They're Fools who to U------s truſt,
Who rule by Will, not Reaſon;
Lies ſeem Goſpel, Rogues ſeem juſt,
And Truth muſt paſs for Treaſon.

III.

III.

O how frail is mortal Man,
To queſtion Heaven's Juſtice,
Or with ſhallow Reaſon ſcan,
The Power where his Truſt is.
Myſteries that we cannot clear,
To Omnipotence is given,
Then ne'er deſpair, ſince Wonders are,
The common Works of Heaven.

IV.

Then, as we hope, believe you're near
A joyful Reſtoration,
For *Jove* with Thunder ſoon can clear
The Clouds that eclipſe the Nation:
We'll paſs the chearful Glaſs about,
And wiſh the happy Hour;
For he's an Atheiſt that can doubt,
God's Juſtice or his Power.

A SONG.

Tune, *the King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

I.

COME fill your Bowls, come fill them high,
While theſe are here, we'll ſcorn to fly;
Shall honeſt Tories fear Diſgrace,
When Loyalty ſhines in the Face;
While Bumpers go in Rounds, there's naught but
Blood and Wounds,
And the K— ſhall enjoy his own again.
Great Laurels have been won, upon the 10th of *June*,
By the Force of Burgundy and Champaign.

II.

Were our Glaſſes turn'd into Swords,
Or our Actions half as great as our Words;
Were our Enemies turn'd to Quarts,
How nobly we ſhould play our Parts;
The leaſt that we would do, each Man ſhould kill his two,
Without the Help of *France* or *Spain*;
The Whigs ſhould run a Tilt, and their deareſt Blood be ſpilt,
And the K--- ſhould enjoy his own again.

A SONG.

I.

TO daunton me, to daunton me,
Do you ken the Thing that would daunton me,
Eighty-eight, and eighty-nine,
And 'a the dreary Years ſince Syne,
With Seſs and Preſs, and Preſbytry,
Good Faith, this had liken till a daunton me.

II

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
Do you ken the Thing that would wanton me?
To ſee gued Corn upon the Rigs,
And Baniſhment to a' the Whigs,
And Right reſtor'd where Right ſhould be,
O! theſe are the Things that wa'd wanton me!

III.

III.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
And ken ye what maiſt would wanton me?
To ſee K--- *J*--- at *Edinb'rough* Croſs,
With fifty thouſand Foot and Horſe,
And the U-----r forc'd to flee,
O this is what maiſt would wanton me.

A POEM occaſioned by hearing St. PETER's Bell rung at *Exeter*, on *April* 16.

MURDER will ſpeak, immortal *Shakeſpear* ſung,
With marv'lous Organ, tho' depriv'd of Tongue,
Thy Peals this Truth, O *Peter*, do proclaim,
Compell'd to celebrate *Britannia*'s Shame.
Culloden's Field thy ill-tim'd Sounds renew,
And ope' freſh Scenes of Horror to our View;
Remorſeleſs Fury raging o'er the Plain,
Wide-waſting Maſſacre, and Thouſands ſlain,
In his Mind's Eye, each *Briton* ſees again.
The baleful Tyrant of imperial *Rome*,
Whoſe lifted Dagger ripp'd his Mother's Womb,
Outdone in Blood to *C*-------*d* ſhall yield.
The modern Butcher of *C*----*n*'s Field;
Whoſe Heart, unmov'd, could ſmile at Widows Tears,
And branch their ſprawling Orphans on his Spears;
Nor Sighs nor Pray'rs avail'd to ſtay his Hand,
Whilſt ſwift Deſtruction blaz'd thro' half the Land.
Edgeleſs for ever be thy Sword in Fight,
Still owe thy Safety to ignoble Flight;

The

The Pangs of Guilt, like *Richard*, may'ſt thou find,
Still ſee the Air-drawn Dagger of the Mind;
Haunted, like him, with Murder's vengeful Cry,
Like him, unpity'd, may'ſt thou fall and die!

F I N I S.

The Reader is deſir'd to inſert the following as a Preface to the Poem beginning in Page 7.

THE following Poem having accidentally fallen into the Editors Hands, they were ſenſible they could not offer a more acceptable Preſent to the Public; but the Copy which they ſaw was ſo very imperfect, probably through the Negligence of the Tranſcriber, that it could not be ſent to the Preſs, without being review'd and corrected. The Gentlemen who undertook that Trouble, found, upon Examination, many Places in which the Verſification had ſuffer'd, and indeed ſome, where the Conſtruction was not perfect, or even the Senſe intire: This oblig'd them to inſert ſeveral Alterations, and often to add whole Verſes of their own, in order to expreſs more clearly, what they could ſee was the Meaning of the Author; but in this they adher'd as much as poſſible to the Original, always retaining the Thoughts, and, wherever they could, even the Expreſſion of it. Could they have obtain'd any Information of the Gentleman to whom the World is oblig'd for this excellent Piece, they would, with the greateſt Pleaſure, have apply'd to him for a correct Copy; but, as they were abſolutely in the Dark as to every thing regarding Him, they found themſelves reduced to the diſagreeable Alternative, either of taking upon them to alter the Performance of one, to whom they own themſelves far inferior in Point of Talent, or of intirely ſuppreſſing a valuable Work, the latter of which, they judged, would be to do too great an Injury to the Public. If it ever happens that a Copy of this ſhould fall into the Hands of the worthy Author, the Publiſhers flatter themſelves, He will readily forgive their Preſumption when He conſiders the Occaſion of it; and are not without Hopes, that this may induce Him to do Himſelf Juſtice, and to give a more perfect Pleaſure to the World, by an Edition of this Poem, publiſhed under His own Eye, and as Himſelf wrote it.

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